



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Publish
Design

Semi Monthly

Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young

Woodruff Press w Box B

VOL. XXVII. SEPTEMBER 1, 1892. NO. 17.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS

VOL. XXVII.—No. 17. SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1892. TERMS: { \$2.00 per year
in advance.



THE KINGS' GRAVES, JERUSALEM.

VIEWS FROM THE HOLY LAND.

Jerusalem.

THE accompanying illustration represents one of the more interesting among the numerous remnants of antique works that are found almost everywhere in Palestine.

It is a burial place known as "The Kings' Graves." The graves are situated a short distance from the Damascus Gate, on the north side of the city, and only a few steps from the road.

Steps hewn in the rock lead down to a spacious court. From this we enter through a wide, richly ornamented portal to an antechamber. Here, on the left side, a few steps lead to a small opening through which we enter a square room, on the three sides of which are various grave-chambers and doors leading to other little rooms.

All this is hewn in the solid rock and the workmanship is exquisite. To wander among these labyrinths and contemplate the revolutions that caused the burial in ruins of the finest works of a past civilization is to receive a lesson never again to be forgotten—the instability of even the greatest works of man; what a country will be reduced to, when the divine blessings are temporarily withdrawn. These and similar object lessons are presented to the thoughtful observer by the ruins everywhere strewn about in the country which at one time was the center of commerce, civilization and religion.

What royal persons were once laid to rest in these chambers of death is not certainly known. Tradition has it that a Gentile queen, Helen of Adiabene, who became a convert to the Jewish religion before the destruction of Jerusalem was buried in these vaults. This tradition gains some support by Josephus, but any historical particulars about the interesting burial place have not been obtained.

But we leave the ruins, in order to contemplate the holy city as it is at present, with a few references to promised future glory.

One of the striking features of today is the rapid progress of the Jewish population, both in Jerusalem and in other parts of the country.

The holy city Jerusalem, which, in fulfillment of the prophetic word has for centuries been in the hands of the Gentiles is now rapidly becoming a Jewish city again.

About eighteen hundred years ago Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus, on which occasion it is claimed that a million Jews were killed. Fifty years later the city was again rebuilt by Hadrian who erected a temple in honor of Jupiter and a statue of himself, on the right side of the holy of holies. The Jews were then prohibited from entering the capital until the time of Constantine, when they again were allowed to come and live in the vicinity of the temple ground.

Various Christians and Mohammedan Arabs have alternately been the masters of the holy city, till finally the Turks took possession of it.

Up till the year 1841 there were only three thousand Jews in Jerusalem. The Hebrew population was not permitted to exceed this number. But the restriction was about that time abolished, although the Jews were still allotted only a narrow, filthy part of the town as their quarter.

In 1867 this regulation was done away with through a firman from the Sultan, and the Jews were given the liberty, together with all other foreigners, to buy land without becoming Turkish subjects. From that time, the number of Jews has quickly increased.

When the anti-semitic movement started in Europe and particularly in Russia, the Turkish officials feared that the Jews would come to Palestine in such great numbers as to cause famine and other calamities, wherefore another firman appeared, decreeing that no immigrating Jew should be allowed to stay more than thirty days in the country. The American consul in Palestine protested against this, on the ground that the government would not allow citizens to be subjected to different treatment on account of nationality. He

was supported by the French and English consuls. The Turkish government now extended the time to three months, and in 1888 removed the restriction entirely.

Nine colonies of Jews have since then been founded and all are in a more or less prosperous condition.

The most important fact, however, is the growth of Jerusalem. For centuries very few dared to live outside of the city wall, and the houses that were erected outside had neither doors nor windows to the street, but were well fenced in. The entrance to the interior of the buildings was through the enclosure. This was a necessary precaution against robbers. At present all this is changed. The most beautiful part of the city is outside its old limits and the words of Zachariah are already commencing to be remarkably fulfilled:

"All the land shall be turned as a plain from Geba to Rimmon south of Jerusalem: and it shall be lifted up, and inhabited in her place, from Benjamin's gate unto the place of the first gate, unto the corner gate, and from the tower of Hananeel unto the king's wine presses. And men shall dwell in it, and there shall be no more utter destruction; but Jerusalem shall be safely inhabited." (Zachariah, xiv: 10, 11.)

The city gradually extends its boundaries on all sides, and a traveler is now agreeably surprised at finding the sacred ground dotted with hotels, churches, stores and a great many habitations, giving peaceful homes to Judea's scattered children. The number of Jews now living in the ancient city is estimated at more than 30,000, a wonderful progress made in so short a time. To this number may be added those who live in Tiberias, Zafed and other places, to the number of about 20,000. It is supposed that since 1867, in all 42,000 Jews have settled in Palestine, or a number equal to that which returned from the Babylonian captivity under the direction of Ezra, Nehemiah and others.

A railway system is contemplated. The line between Jaffa and Jerusalem is already

finished and branches will be built as soon as practicable to Hebron, Jericho, Ekron, Tiberias and Damascus. It need hardly be said that the capital in this enterprise is mostly contributed by wealthy Jews.

It is plain that the Turkish power in the country is decreasing more and more. In fact the practicability of giving Palestine autonomy as a Jewish state under the protection of the European powers jointly, has already been spoken of among statesmen.

One of the blessings frequently predicted upon Palestine is this, that the soil which has so long been barren shall again become fruitful, yielding an abundance of oil and wine and grain. This shall be brought about through the return of the late and early rains, on which the country depends for its agriculture and horticulture, and to crown these blessings the wretched Turkish government shall be made to relinquish its hold on the country. The Prophet Joel says:

"The Lord will answer and say unto His people, behold, I will send you corn, and wine, and oil, and ye shall be satisfied therewith: and I will no more make you a reproach among the heathen. But I will remove far off from you the northern army, (the Turk) and will drive him into a land barren and desolate, with his face towards the east sea and his hinder part toward the utmost sea * * *. Be glad, then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God: for He hath given you the former rain moderately, and he will cause to come down for you the rain, the former rain, and the latter rain in the first month. And the floors shall be full of wheat, and the fats shall overflow with wine and oil." (Joel, ii: 19, 24.)

As a proof of the fulfillment of this promise, we are told that the meteorological observations have recorded the following figures: During the ten years 1860-9 the rainfall was 20.92 inches yearly; in the following decade ending in 1879, it had increased to 23.48 inches, and in the next decade, 1880-9 another increase to 27.59 inches had taken place. Surely in all this

must be seen the hand of God, working for the restoration of His people.

J. M. Sjodahl.

X.--THE JAREDITES.

Are the Ruins Found in America of Jaredite Origin?—Reasons for Thinking to the Contrary—The Ruined Cities of Central America and Yucatan Comparatively Modern—The Ruins not Consistent with Jaredite Civilization—The Mound Builders.

WE now come to the consideration of the question, Are any of the ruins found upon this continent the remains of Jaredite cities and buildings? Individually we think that few, if any, of the ruined cities of ancient America are of Jaredite origin; indeed, we will go further and say we believe but few of them date as far back as the days of the Nephites. This conclusion will doubtless surprise many of our readers, it is therefore due to them that we give our reasons.

The writers and explorers to whom English speaking people are indebted for their information regarding the ruins of this continent, the largest, best preserved and most important of which are to be found in Central America and contiguous regions, drew their conclusions from conditions which do not exist in the regions where these ruins most largely exist. The vast overgrowth of vegetation conveyed to their minds an idea of antiquity which the facts did not warrant, an error to which they were predisposed from the prevailing tendency among modern students to dabble in eons instead of centuries, and to give to every thing and every event whose date was not determined a remote and indistinct antiquity. When in this frame of mind an explorer from the temperate zone discovered in Yucatan a tree which had five hundred rings, growing on a house-top, he argued that that tree must be at least five hundred years old, as in his native land the trees only added one ring a year to their growth, and if the tree was five hundred

years old the house underneath must be much older. But the mistake made was this, that in that heated climate, some trees added ten or twelve rings, instead of one, a year, and consequently were only one-tenth or one-twelfth as old as he imagined.

Professor John Fiske, of Harvard College, cites the following example: "The notion of their antiquity was perhaps suggested by the belief that certain colossal mahogany trees growing between and over the ruins of Palenque must be nearly two thousand years old. But when M. de Charnay visited Palenque in 1859, he had the eastern side of the 'palace' cleared of its dense vegetation in order to get a good photograph; and when he re-visited the spot, in 1881, he found a sturdy growth of young mahogany the age of which he knew did not exceed twenty-two years. Instead of making a ring once a year as in our sluggish and temperate zone, these trees had made rings at the rate of about one a month; the trunks were already more than two feet in diameter; judging from this rate of growth the biggest giant on that place need not have been more than two hundred years old, if as much."

M. Charnay himself speaking on this subject says: "I may here remark that [the] virgin forests have no very old trees, being destroyed by insects, moisture, lianas,* etc., and old monteros† tell me that mahogany and cedar trees, which are most durable, do not live above two hundred years."

Another reason is that cities of the same class and description, having the same characteristics and style of architecture as the neighboring ruins, were inhabited at the time of the Spanish invasion by the people who built them. Some indeed were decaying, others were growing cities. This fact is attested by the Spanish Chroniclers. But more than this, some of the now ruined cities, generally supposed to be very ancient, have lately been proven to have also been

* Liana—a woody, high-climbing plant, having rope-like stems.

† Woodmen.

inhabited at this period. A native chief of Yucatan, named Nakuk Pech, wrote about the year 1562, a brief history of the Spanish conquest of that country. This chronicle, which has been translated into English, refers directly to Chichen-Itza and Izamal as inhabited towns during the time of the Spanish invasion, from 1519 to 1542. Mr. Fiske is inclined to consider the highest probable antiquity for most of the ruins of Yucatan and Central America as the twelfth or thirteenth century of our era;* while M. Charnay says, "Copan and Palenque may be two or three centuries older, and had probably fallen into ruins before the arrival of the Spaniards."†

A third reason is that ruins found in Central America, etc., in no wise agree with what we should naturally expect would be built by a people such as the Jaredites or the Nephites are represented to have been in the sacred writings of their prophets, but they are not inconsistent with a barbarous, idolatrous race of builders such as the Lamanites, after the destruction of the Nephites undoubtedly were. The Nephites were of the house of Israel and Christians. As Israelites they were forbidden by God Himself to make to themselves the likeness of any thing in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.‡

* The city of Mexico was built A. D. 1325.

† It is not improbable, however, that these cities were built on the foundations of older ones; and some of the masonry, sculptured stones, etc., of the more ancient city may have been incorporated in the buildings of the newer one. To do this would be very consistent with the character of the barbarous and indolent Lamanites, who would take advantage of every opportunity of this kind to lessen their labors, without any reference to the uses the sculptures, walls or foundations had been originally put to.

‡ "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth."—*Exodus 20: 4*.

"Lest ye corrupt yourselves and make you a graven image the similitude of any figure, the likeness of male or female, the likeness of any beast that is on the earth, the likeness of any winged fowl that flieth in the

These ruins are full of images and representations of human beings and other animate things. As Christians, the Nephites would not indulge in the class of grotesque statuary and reliefs that so largely abound in many of these cities, especially in those that clearly point to idolatry and idolatrous customs. The occasional appearance of an ornament that somewhat resembles a cross carries no weight in our mind. The cross was used as an ornament, and with no reference to Christianity long before Jesus was crucified, and today is more the symbol of the apostate churches of Christendom than the original Church established by God Himself. The appearance of such a symbol would appeal more readily and have greater weight with Roman Catholics than with members of the true Church. The heathen has adorned his edifices with crosses for the reason that it was a natural, easy and becoming style of ornament.

The civilization of the Jaredites very much resembled that of the Nephites and to our mind was greatly in advance of that of the builders of Copan, Palenque and their sister cities. It should here be observed that the greater portion of the cities built by the Nephites before the crucifixion of Christ were destroyed by the convulsions that attended that most momentous event, others so badly shattered that it would not pay to repair them. The Nephite remains, therefore, that we would expect to find would be those that were erected during the universal reign of peace that followed the ministry of the risen Redeemer. Is it not also consistent to believe that if any Jaredite ruins remained at the time of the Savior's death they also were destroyed by the universal convulsions? It must likewise be remembered that in the last great war the Lamanites took great delight in destroying everything Nephite.

The question now arises, Were the Jaredites

air, the likeness of any thing that creepeth on the ground, the likeness of any fish that is in the waters beneath the earth.—*Deut. 4: 16-18*.

the mound builders? Again we answer, We think not. The remains found in the mounds that have been opened betoken a race of builders far inferior in civilization to what Ether represents the Jaredites to have been. True, it is possible, as some have suggested, that an inferior race of later ages, may have opened these mounds and made them sepulchres for their dead, and placed therein, with the dead, the flint and quartzite arrow heads, the beads, pipes, shells, and inferior pottery and ornaments that have been there found. It is also quite supposable that the mounds scattered far and wide about this northern continent,* were not all built by the same race. It is affirmed with some show of evidence that some of these mounds are known to have been built by the Shawnees and Cherokees,† while others are ascribed to the Chickasaws and Winnebagos. It is also suggested that the Mandans and Minnitarees were at one time mound-building people.‡

Major J. W. Powell, director of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, in the *Forum*, says: "No fragment of evidence remains to support the figment of theory that there was an ancient race of mound-builders superior in culture to the North American Indians."

A lady writer (Mary Morrison) writing on this question in "Hearth and Hall,"§ sums up the opinions of a number of intelligent in-

vestigators in the following statements: "The mound-builders were formerly regarded as a race so remote from the present Indian tribes that there could be nothing in common between them, yet all recent theories deny this. Many Indian tribes have built burial mounds for their dead.

"Some of the mounds in Ohio have yielded from their deepest recesses articles of European manufacture, showing an origin not farther back than the historic period. Spanish swords and blue glass beads have been found in the mounds of Georgia and Florida. * * * * *

"The annals of the Columbian epoch have been carefully studied, and it is found that some of the mounds have been constructed in historical times, while early explorers and settlers found many actually used by tribes of North American Indians; so we know that many of the Indians were builders of mounds. The contents of these mounds have been compared with the works of art of the Indian tribes before they were influenced by Europeans and both were substantially identical.

But, on the other hand, we have the fact before us, that the skeleton of the Pharaoh, found in Kinderhook, Illinois, referred to in a previous chapter, was dug out of a large mound. After penetrating about eleven feet the workers came to a bed of limestone that had been subjected to the action of fire. They removed the stones, which were small and easy to handle, to the depth of two feet more, when they found the skeleton. This was evidently a burial chamber, as with the bones, which appeared to have been burned, was found plenty of charcoal and ashes.* From this fact it is evident that some of the mounds are of very ancient date, as it is not supposable that this man would be the only one of his race and nation to be buried in this manner. We also suggest that this colony of Egyptians may have originated the style of architecture in this country in which

* It is estimated that not less than 10,000 monuments of the mound-builders exist in Ohio, and they are scarcely less numerous in Indiana and Kentucky.

† Fiske's "Discovery of America," Vol. I., pp. 144 5.

‡ "There is good reason to believe that in the Natchez and Mandans, and perhaps some other tribes still existing, but in small numbers, at the advent of the whites, we have their lineal descendants." "We may infer from their bony structure that they belonged to the American family of men, and were not unlike, in structure, physical aspect, and color, the red Indian of today."—Prof. J. S. Newberry. Mr. John C. Southall, an able English writer, brings strong evidence to prove that the mound-builders lived not more than 1,500 years ago. Elder George M. Ottinger takes the ground that "the Toltecs and the mound-builders were the same people."

§ Reprinted in the "Woman's Exponent," July 15th, August 1st, and August 15th, 1892.

* "Quincy Whig," and "Times and Seasons," reprinted in the "Millennial Star," Vol. 21, p. 44.

so many find resemblances to the Egyptian, and which is specially characterized by the erection of vast truncated pyramids.

There is also another consideration; it is that the Jaredites built largely of wood. Undoubtedly their temples and palaces would be constructed of more lasting materials; to believe otherwise would be to believe that the habits of the Jaredites were different from those of all other civilized races; but the homes of the people appear to have been built from the product of the forest, and throwing all other considerations aside we cannot expect to now find remains of wooden dwellings built from four thousand to twenty-five hundred years ago. The proof of our assertion is that when the Nephites began to colonize the northern continent they found it admirably adapted for that purpose with the exception that it was without timber, and the reason given why it was without timber was "because of the many inhabitants who had before inhabited the land" who had consumed it.* To get over this difficulty the Nephites built their houses out of cement, and also imported considerable lumber from the lands of Zarahemla and Bountiful, and further they preserved "whatever tree should spring up upon the face of the land," until it was large enough for building purposes.

Geo. Reynolds.

A MODEL SALESWOMAN.

KATE GANNETT WELLS makes these suggestions to the sometimes curt girls behind the counter:

Dress modestly and avoid cheap jewelry. The best ornaments are: promptness, politeness, a well-modulated voice, and strict attention to duty.

Have your hair neatly combed, your teeth well brushed, and your finger nails tidy. Customers are often repelled by untidy clerks of either sex.

Remember always that you are superior to circumstances only when you make yourself so. The most selfish, exacting employer will gladly recognize the merits of an efficient clerk.

Never throw down goods with an air that seems to say, "I do not care whether you buy it or not."

Remember that the purchaser often sees more in the seller than she thinks, and refined young women have made valuable friends for life by their courtesy to an accomplished customer.

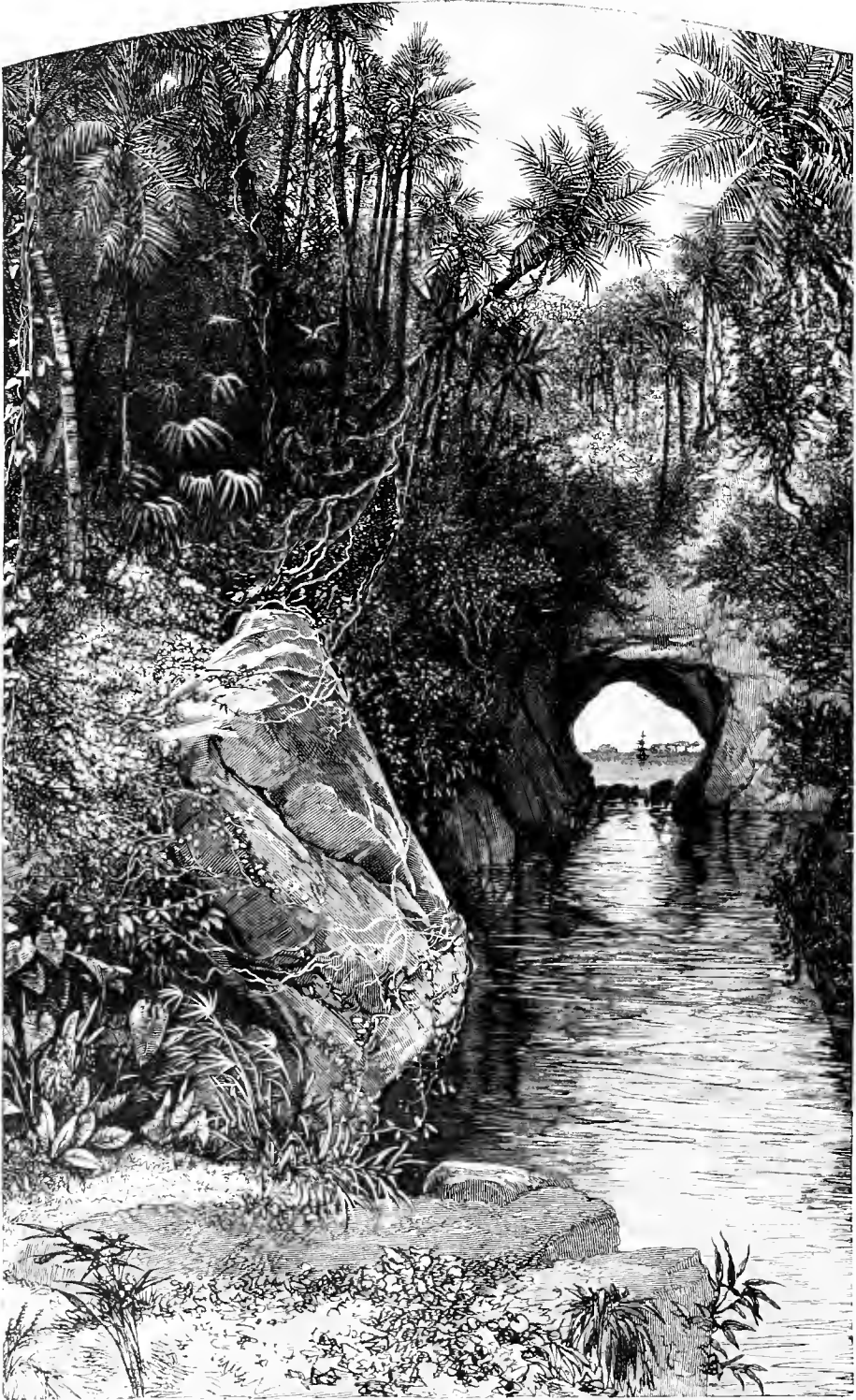
Always remember that duty to your employer demands your best service, and duty to yourself also.

SCENE ON THE ISLAND OF ABACO.

ABACO is the name of one of the Bahama Islands, on one of which, it will be remembered, Columbus first landed when on his famous voyage of discovery. The Bahamas are a group of some seven hundred islands situated north-east of Cuba and east of the coast of Florida. Many of these islands are quite small and uninhabited. Abaco is one of the larger islands of the group. Towards the south-east extremity of this island is an opening that runs through it. This is represented in the accompanying picture. This "Hole in the Wall," as it is called, has been formed by the action of the water in wearing away the rock that forms the base of the island.

When Columbus landed on the Bahama Islands the larger ones were inhabited by a harmless tribe of Indians. The Spaniards carried these Indians away and compelled them to work in their mines, and in this way the islands became depopulated. For about one hundred and thirty years after this the islands were uninhabited. In 1629 they were colonized by the English, but the Spaniards expelled them later on. Subsequently the British obtained possession again, and are still holding to them.

* Helaman 3: 3-11.



SCENE ON THE ISLAND OF ABACO.

THE THREE PINES.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 508.]

MAMMY settled herself comfortably and began to tell them stories of wonderful talking animals endowed with all human attributes intensely humanized. Wonderful old talking rabbits, philosophical hens, and villains, and good Samaritans in every possible form known to bird, serpent and animal life.

Pauline Raymond had been very much shocked when she first heard these stories, that seemed about the only mental food the children received, and they were not only the extreme of impossible, but the morals were often of a very doubtful nature. She had protested, and lectured Mammy, who listened respectfully, and went on telling the stories when the children clamored for them, with sometimes a slight protest.

"You'uns know Miss Pauline said I shain't tell any mo'—, and I ain't gwine to." Then she would look at their disappointed faces, and exclaim: "Well, just this once, mind!" then in a lower tone not unmixed with contempt,—“What does a ‘Yank’ know ‘bout educatin’ the ‘ristocratic children of the souf, anyhow?” and the stories in a thousand new fantastic forms would go on.

Pauline spread the gorgeous cloud of silk and lace she called a parasol, and without any kind of an adieu sauntered off in the direction whence Mammy and the frightened children had come.

"May I go with you?" Leland asked in a tone of entreaty.

"I fear it will be too much exertion, but do as you please, you are one of the few among all the hundreds of human beings here who is not a slave."

He was at her side in a moment. "I am the greatest slave of the lot. My mistress uses the lash of her tongue unceasingly, and there is no escape for me," he said, banteringly. "May I enquire whither your ladyship is going?"

"Yes, you may enquire if you wish," and then remained provokingly silent.

Across a long meadow, down a crooked lane, thence to the edge of the big swamp where the frightful alligator had been located. On into the dim recesses she walked, lifting the edges of her skirts daintily. The path grew wet, the suggestions of the sunshine were further and further apart; little pools of water filled the small depressions. Grey tags of moss that presently lengthened into banners hung hoar and cold from the trees. There was the smell of decaying vegetation and eternal dampness. There was no longer even the semblance of a path. Tiny channels of water stretched themselves between tussocks of grass, and Pauline began to experience some difficulty in finding sure footing in the spongy fibrous bunches. They came at last to where the lagoons stretched dark and stagnant on every side of them, the cypress knees and the dimness of an early night about them. Then Mr. Barclay began to protest.

"Pauline, it is dangerous for you to go farther. What mad freak possesses you to come here directly into the presence of danger?"

"Are you afraid?" she asked with exasperating calmness.

"Yes," he answered, unmoved by her scorn, "I am afraid. Were I here alone I would understand the peril of such a position, and your presence and helplessness, in case the alligator should appear between us and solid ground, would be to make danger double."

"I wish," she said passionately, "that the alligator would attack me, that I might see if there was anything in your boasted southern chivalry besides the froth of your vanity. I hate a coward; go back, I wish to be alone."

She had expected he would be very angry, that he would refuse to leave her, or perhaps carry her out of the swamp by main strength, as he could easily have done, but to her surprise and mortification he turned on his heel and walked away, as she had requested.

The dismal place was even less inviting than when Mr. Barclay had stood by her.

How intensely alone she felt. Her thin dress was quickly saturated by the mist-laden atmosphere. She knew it was dangerous to her health to stay there. She was very miserable, because she was a proud woman, and loved where she did not approve. She confessed to herself now, in this hour of humiliation, that she loved Mr. Barclay. She called him a coward and every other name that she thought would help her to scorn herself and kill the sharp regret at her heart.

She wondered why alligators were always poking about when they were not wanted, and kept entirely out of sight when they could be of real service to poor humanity. She almost persuaded herself that if the slimy creature should come up out of the water at her feet she would not move. Really it were a solution of all her difficulties if she could die. Then she pictured to herself the remorse and grief Mr. Barclay would experience at her tragic end. But the alligator did not put in an appearance, and as the slime and vase, mud and water did not present a suitable place to sit down, she grew weary and retraced her steps.

Mr. Barclay left Pauline at her request, convinced for the first time that she meant what she said. A man likes to pursue: he appreciates the prize the more for the difficulties he overcomes in gaining it; but it does not add either to the zest of pursuit or the glory of possession to feel the lash of scorn applied coldly and deliberately, and even less when there is a grain of truth in the reproaches. He tried to look the situation in the face. In the first place he felt that she was lost to him, and determined that she should never humiliate him again. He was a man and a Barclay, and he must not allow his feelings to conquer him.

He saw her as she swept past him and on up to the house with her face averted, but did not attempt to stop her as he had been in the habit of doing on all occasions. He felt proud of himself for even this small victory over his desires, and lazily swung backward and forward in the hammock while the sun

neared the western horizon, flying a crimson ring up against the sky.

As she reached the piazza steps she saw the overseer riding wildly toward the house, his hat in his hand. The negroes from the field with faces turned upward, were racing like a herd of frightened sheep, and a dim echo of groans, screams, and cries of fear and anguish came across the fields.

Pauline reached the clump of magnolia trees just as the overseer did, for she turned and ran swiftly back, an instinctive dread upon her.

The man's face was grey as ashes. He did not pause for the accustomed ceremonious greeting.

"Mr. Barclay," he said, in a voice agitated but distinct, "the eagle has seized black Daisy's baby and is making for the nest; what can be done?"

They all looked upward where the eagle circled at a great height above its nest, with an object clutched in its talons.

The baby's life was safe so long as the bird stayed in the air, and the negroes, called together by the cries of the agonized mother, were endeavoring to prevent the eagle from alighting by all manner of sounds ever made under heaven.

Leland sprang upon the back of the horse, and he rode up to the house, where he disappeared. A moment later he had reappeared; his coat he had thrown aside, about his waist was bound a broad crimson silk scarf, his hat had been replaced with a skull cap, and he was armed with a broad-bladed double-edged knife.

The horse, bearing the two men, stretched his glossy limbs in a race for life between the mansion and the three pines in the little swamp, Pauline following as best she could.

The negroes greeted "Mars" Leland as one who had the power and will to save. The overseer tried to persuade him that he only exposed himself to the certainty of being maimed for life, if not killed, when he learned his purpose.

Mr. Barclay spoke to the multitude kindly,

assuring them that he would rescue the child, if God were willing, and in a few kindly words cheered and comforted the poor mother, who had thrown herself at his feet in an agony of helpless entreaty.

"I may not stop to count the cost or consider the chances," he said in answer to the repeated warnings of the overseer; "as to the perils of the undertaking, it is my duty and I must."

Then, with the handle of the knife between his teeth, he began to climb the tree.

The eagle was gradually drooping lower and lower toward the nest, and the tiny arms of the babe could be seen extended as if imploring the aid of its mother.

The negroes redoubled their cries and groans, beating old pans and drums in order that the bird might not reach the nest before the brave rescuer.

The female bird became alarmed, and flew out of the nest with wild screeches of fright and anger.

Mr. Barclay made his way very slowly up the rugged side of the central pine; drew himself from one limb to another arranged so evenly up the giant stem.

The overseer had ridden over to where Pauline stood, and ventured to open a conversation.

"It was perfectly foolish for Mr. Barclay to attempt such a thing; the eagles will pick his eyes out; ten to one if they don't beat him down from the tree."

Pauline made no reply, but her heart was throbbing heavily.

Just then the mother espied the intruder nearing the nest. Thoroughly alarmed by the unusual sounds and sights, she flew straight at the climber, darting at his head and face, uttering shrill screams.

Mr. Leland tried to avoid her, for he knew he must be at the nest in a moment after the babe was laid therein if he would save the precious eyes, for there were two pretty well grown birds in the nest.

The attacks of the mother, however, became so furious that even in the dense limbs

of the pine she had reached him, and blood was flowing from several wounds where she had struck him. Balancing himself on a limb and grasping the knife firmly he exposed himself to her attacks, trying to knife her as she came.

"Do you think I would do that for every black brat on the plantation?" said the overseer in Pauline's ear; but she did not answer or even hear him for she was absorbed in the conflict going on between the man and bird, a battle that each seemed to fully realize was for life.

The mother bird flew at him with great fury and tried to beat him to the earth. With motions so swift and sinuous as to defy parry she struck him with beak and wings, avoiding the strokes of the knife, until completely exhausted Mr. Barclay was obliged to seek safety in a temporary retreat beneath the interlaced branches of the nest.

With his knife he cut away the twigs; he inserted his hand and drew the two young birds out of the nest and strangled them and threw them down.

The male bird was preparing to alight upon the nest, and the negroes fell upon their knees groaning, praying and shouting, while Pauline with hands tightly clasped prayed that all her doubts of the nobility of her lover might be forgiven her and his life spared.

Lower and lower came the great bird, with eyes of flame, and a hush like death fell over the watchers as his scaly talons touched the nest and the little black scrap of humanity was laid in the eagle's nest.

With feet firmly braced Mr. Barclay arose breast high above the nest just at the moment of descent; he firmly seized the bird by both legs, and with a stroke like lightning completely severed the head from the body.

A cry of thanksgiving rent the air as the dead bird came toppling down among the branches of the trees that had been his home for so many years.

Hastily untying the scarf from about his

waist, "Mars" Leland laid the insensible babe in its strong folds and bound it firmly to his person.

While engaged in this task the female eagle found no barrier to the fury of her attacks. She beat him with her wings and seized him with her talons in a vain endeavor to hurl him from the tree, but he was too firmly braced in all directions. She tore the skull cap from his head and darted her iron-like beak at his eyes. Stunned and breathless Leland seized the knife and tried in vain to wound the infuriated mother, but she seemed to comprehend, and escaped by unparalleled agility all his efforts. He dared not be off guard for a single moment, and even a successful retreat could not be begun.

"Strange sight, Miss Raymond," said the overseer. "Almost like a duel between brothers, a Barclay and their family eagle. Egad, but I believe the feathered warrior will come off victor yet unless Barclay is favored by some special patron saint."

Pauline did not reply, but uttered a low, agonized cry, for the eagle had torn the scalp of her enemy, and the blood was flowing frightfully, blinding him, and he was half stunned by the swiftness and weight of the blows dealt him, with such lightning-like rapidity.

"My God, can nothing be done to help him!" asked Pauline, turning to the overseer?

"Nothing," he replied. "If I was to shoot I would be much more likely to hit him than her, and before a person could get half way up the tree the contest will have been decided."

At that moment the babe recovered consciousness and wailed aloud.

It broke the spell of dread silence that had held the spectators silent, and a mighty prayer in groan and shout and vocal petition went up to God for man and child, in such great peril within their sight.

That shout disconcerted the eagle for a moment and that moment cost her her life. One well directed blow of the knife and the

strong right wing hung loose and helpless at her side; she lost her balance, and fluttered headlong to the ground, where she was as helpless as a barnyard chicken, and was dispatched by the boys, eager to show which side they were on.

When "Mars" Leland reached the ground and the crying babe was unrolled from the scarf it was found to have received only a few scratches, and when placed in the arms of its mother looked like it wondered what all the crying and shouting of hallelujahs was about.

Mr. Barclay had many severe bruises, besides the serious scalp wound, and was a very shocking sight to behold.

Pauline timidly touched his arm. "It was bravely, nobly done," she said.

He smiled at her. "That is what a southern gentleman considers himself in honor bound to do for his meanest slave. Pauline, can you guess how much they would do for the woman they loved or the cause they espoused?"

"Come," said the overseer, "your wounds need attention," and took him on his horse.

The next day the three pines were chopped down by "Mars" Leland's express order. If eagles could not be satisfied with poultry, pigs and lambs they were not wanted. Even glory seemed quite tame when such a price as little negro babies must be paid for it.

So the plantation lost both its eagles and its noted pines, but it gained a mistress.

Pauline nursed Mr. Barclay, who seemed to wish to delay his recovery as long as possible, until he won her consent to be married as soon as his recovery was complete.

In after years to please his wife Leland Barclay sold the plantation, and taking her and their babies and his widowed sister, who had long been his housekeeper, removed to California.

Ellen Jakeman.

It is vain to expect any advantage from our profession of the truth, if we be not sincerely just and honest in our actions.

LITTLE WILLIE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 500.)

AFTER this Willie went with his father to a meeting every Sunday, and he was very fond of hearing the Elders preach. Sometimes he would go to some lonely place where he could kneel down and pray, and have no one to see him, and then he would ask God in the name of Jesus Christ to help him to become a good and useful man.

Early on a Sabbath morning, long before the rising of the sun, Willie was to be seen walking toward the suburbs of the town in search of some place where he was not likely to be disturbed, and often he would select a seat in the shade of some large trees. After finding a suitable place, and getting comfortably seated, he would take from his pocket the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, or some other book containing useful information, which he would read with a prayerful heart, asking God to give him understanding and to bless his efforts to gain knowledge. In this way he learned to read well, and gained many fragments of knowledge to which he would have remained a stranger, had he been confined to the small round of his own thoughts without the aid of books. This practice widened the field of reflection, gave him much pleasure, and increased his thirst for intelligence. Thus, step by step, he made advancement; inch by inch he climbed up out of ignorance. Each little difficulty overcome prepared him for new conquest. Little Willie did not enjoy the many great advantages of our young friends who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. He had not the opportunity of attending a good school, for he had to labor every day, early and late.

Had you looked under the table when he was eating his dinner, you would have seen his book laid upon his lap spread wide open, at which now and then he would take a sly glance. In this way he learned many a lesson. When he had a little leisure time he would search out some person able to instruct

him, to whom he would present his little difficulties and ask for an explanation. And often he felt extremely thankful for the assistance of able friends who took deep interest in him and cleared away the small but, to him, apparently insurmountable difficulties.

Night after night, when the family were all in bed and sleeping soundly, Willie might have been seen sitting near a table bending over his book and diligently perusing his lesson by the light of the candle. There he would sometimes sit till nearly midnight, reading and pondering over new ideas and often till he went to sleep; occasionally he would wake up and find the fire out, the candle burned away and his book fallen from his hand to the floor. Finally a friend suggested that it would be better for him to quit studying at night, and rise very early in the morning and spend an hour or two in study before time to go to work. From this suggestion Willie received much benefit, for he found that in the morning his mind was much stronger, and consequently he was much more successful. After giving this method a fair trial he concluded that he could learn more in one hour in the morning than in three hours in the evening.

About this time he got William Cobbet's Grammar, and commenced to write it out verbatim. If he happened to omit, misplace or misspell a word in any of the lessons, the paper containing such lessons was torn up and the task re-commenced. In this way, and with the assistance of his friends, he acquired a tolerably thorough knowledge of grammar. He now wrote letters, essays, or penned his thoughts on any subject that presented itself, not for publication but for self-improvement. Such pieces were laid aside for two or three weeks, and then he would criticize them, for he believed that, after they had been laid aside in this way, he could see their errors much better than when they were only just written.

Little Willie had never spent a night from home though he was now fourteen years old.

His father had promised him that he should go and spend a few weeks with some uncles, aunts and cousins, who lived in Wensley Dale, about fifty miles distant. Willie was highly delighted with the prospect of this journey, for he had scarcely ever been out of sight of the smoke from the factories of his native town, and now he was going to travel fifty miles, which seemed to Willie a very long journey; and besides this, his father told him that he would see many nice sights, high hills, rivers, waterfalls, etc.

The day for starting arrived. Willie arose early in the morning. The weather was very pleasant, and Willie and his father commenced the much-desired journey. As his native town grew dim in the distance, fine old farm houses appeared in view with their fields of waving grain, green pastures dotted with wild flowers, the buttercup and the daisy, and gentlemen's summer residences, surrounded by beautiful parks, interspersed with very large trees, where occasionally deer were to be seen resting themselves under the wide-spreading branches of those ancient oaks. From among the dense leaves came the gladdening song of the far-famed English thrush, or the sweet notes of the black-bird. All nature seemed to be dressed in her finest robes. The little lambs played upon the high hills, and seemed as full of glee as so many playful boys.

Willie and his father traveled on amid the delightful rural scenery, listening to the song of birds and gathering wild flowers till they gained the top of a high hill, while an open and fertile valley lay before them, in which there were three or four very lovely villages, and in these villages resided many of Willie's relatives, whom he had never seen, and one of them was the birthplace of his father.

After descending into the valley they drew up before a very ancient farm house, when his father said, "Willie, here lives your Aunt Mabel." They entered and received a very hearty welcome.

After a few days had passed, Willie's father left him at his aunt's, where he remained for

six weeks. Willie had not been there long before it was known that he was a Latter-day Saint. His aunt was anxious to learn something about the Latter-day Saints and their principles. She asked him many questions, and felt well satisfied with his answers. She often requested him to read the Bible to her, and to talk to her about the latter-day work. Soon it became common for the neighbors to gather around Aunt Mabel's fire to spend their evenings, especially Sabbath evenings, to listen to little Willie and to ask him questions.

Willie felt very humble and prayed to God that He would help him to preach the truth to those who were in the habit of gathering to listen to him, and some were convinced that God was with the lad, and they would listen to him with breathless attention while he told them, in his simple, boyish style, about the principles that Jesus and His apostles preached, and that the world had lost the pure gospel and wandered into darkness; that God formerly talked with the old prophets; that angels ministered unto them; that people in the days of the apostles were baptized in water by immersion for the remission of their sins; that the servants of God then laid hands upon them that they might receive the Holy Ghost; also laid hands upon the sick and anointed them with oil that they might be healed; that God had ceased speaking, angels had ceased ministering, and men had changed the ordinances of the gospel, notwithstanding the Apostle Paul had said, "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached, let him be accursed;" that God in His mercy had sent an angel in these last days to Joseph Smith, revealed the Book of Mormon, and restored the gospel that Jesus and His apostles preached, which, in the scriptures, is called the everlasting gospel.

Willie enjoyed his visit very much. The scenery around Aunt Mabel's rural home was far different from the scenes in the crowded streets of his native town. The village in

which stood her residence was a beautiful little settlement, occupied chiefly by wealthy farmers, and bounded on every side by rich pastures and beautiful meadows. Close to the village ran a clear stream. The bed of this small stream, was solid lime-stone rock. Along the banks, up by the stream, wound a lonely yet lovely foot path, which in places led through patches of hazels, gently bending under their annual burden.

Willie was often seen threading his way slowly up the path by the side of the river, reading some book in which he seemed to be very much interested, or listening to the song of birds, that were perched in the trees that fringed the margin of this lovely and sequestered rill, or gazing on the scenery around him, admiring the works of God, and nature's enchanting scenes of solitude. This was Willie's favorite walk. Here he spent many hours of pleasure and profit.

During Willie's stay at his Aunt Mabel's he came in contact with an old man who seemed to be very religious, and asked him many questions which he answered as well as he could, bore testimony to the truth, and told him nearly the same things that he had told Aunt Mabel; but to his astonishment, the old gentleman was angry with him, seemed to be in a perfect rage, and said that Willie was preaching false doctrine, and from that time he was Willie's most bitter enemy, and sought every opportunity to persecute him. He scolded Willie severely, called him many hard names, and seemed as though he would violently have laid hands upon him, if he had not been restrained by others.

Willie felt strengthened, and that this was a testimony that he had the truth. He thought of the words of the Savior, "Blessed are ye when men revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my name's sake."

He could see clearly that this man had the opposite of the Spirit of God; that he had the spirit of the devil, and he felt that he was on God's side or the devil would not be so angry with him; for he remembered that

the Savior said something like the following: "Ye are not of the world, or the world would love you, for the world loves its own."

Many persons were present and witnessed the old gentleman in his rage. He frothed at the mouth, used very unbecoming language, and in every respect acted like a man perfectly insane. All present were very much astonished to see a man professing so much religion and sanctity, and who could pull such a long, sanctimonious face, give vent to such bursts of passion. Some spectators stepped close to Willie and tried to whisper words of encouragement. This scene touched their sympathy and they were sonder of his company than before, and more anxious to listen to his words.

The time for Willie's returning home had now arrived. He felt sorry to leave his Aunt Mabel, and many of his circle of new friends. Aunt Mabel had been very kind to him, hence he had learned to love her very much, but then there were others whom he loved very dearly too, and when he thought of the sweet smiles, and the kind words that would greet him on his return to the circle of home, his heart was full of joy. Animated by these feelings, he bade his friends good-by, and commenced his journey homeward.

When within about three miles from home, Willie could see dense clouds of smoke rising from the factory chimneys of the dear old town that gave him birth. Just six weeks before, he had watched the smoke rising from the same chimneys. Then he was leaving it behind him. Every minute was taking him from the scenes of his childhood. A new world as it were was being spread out before him, and his joy increased as those dear old scenes were fading in the distance. If he were to turn round now, and travel in the same direction, would he realize the feelings that he felt then! No! he would not. The very smoke now seemed to wear a charm. Every familiar object brought its accompanying sweet reflections. Every turn of the road, and almost everything that he saw, seemed to be full of interest. He wondered

whether his little baby brother would know him now. Whether any of his brothers or sister would see him before he got to the house, and what mother would say to him on his arrival. Many such thoughts rushed through his mind.

As he entered the outskirts of the town he began to meet persons with whom he was acquainted, and the meeting of his old acquaintances gave him much pleasure.

Willie now felt himself to be quite a traveler. He had been six weeks from home, and had traveled one hundred miles. To many of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, one hundred miles may seem to be a short distance for a person to travel; but it was not so where Willie was raised; for there were many old men there, who had never traveled fifty miles from home during the whole of their lives.

Willie was now in view of Long Land Street in which was the residence of his father. His anticipations and excitement increased at every step. Now he was seen. Many voices echoed his name. All were glad to see him; mother, brothers and sisters were filled with joy at his coming. Many kind words were spoken, tokens of affection given, and even tears of joy were shed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STELLAR DISTANCES.

THE distances we have to do with in studying the heavens are somewhat like the long string of numerals that embellish and illustrate modern statistics, only they are inconceivably vaster; and the only way the finite human mind can apprehend these distances is dealing with them by gradations.

We must have a yardstick to measure with on the earth, and we must have a measuring line to stretch over the celestial spaces also.

Naturally and necessarily we take the shortest one at our command, the moon's distance from the earth—240,000 miles. It possesses a high dignity in comparison with

terrestrial standards, certainly, but it is next to nothing when stretched on the sky. The earth is 400 times as far from the sun, and it would take 400 of these lines to reach from our planet to the solar center—nearly two lines being required to measure the sun's semi-diameter. But Neptune is thirty times as far from the sun as the earth is, and it would take, therefore, thirty radii of the earth's vast orbit placed in line to reach that remote planet. This looks like getting along with some show of success in measuring stellar distances; but even after we have reached the orbit of Neptune, we find that it will require four million radii of the Neptunian orbit laid down in line to touch Sirius, the largest and brightest of the fixed stars.

The earth is a little standing-point in the center of a hollow ball set with 6,000 stars, visible to the naked eye. Take a three-foot telescope and we reach a concave three times as far off and containing three times as many stars. Add another foot to the length of the telescope and we reach a still greater number of stars; and as we continue to increase the length of our telescope or the diameter of its lens we pierce through the dark depths of space to remoter concaves strewn with vaster myriads of stars, until we ask, Is there no end to these wonders? Is there, then, no limit to the stellar universe?

The answer is both yes and no. There are no limits to what we call our universe—to that vast structure in which we have a place. The giant modern telescopes of the day have indeed succeeded in piercing to the outer edge of this system and reaching a point at which no more stars are seen—nothing but the blackness of darkness unilluminated by a gleam from a single point of light that the most powerful instrument can discern.

All earthly vehicles of travel are too slow for the task of traversing these stupendous wastes. A cannon ball train would make no impression on them. But take a cannon ball itself and suppose it fired from a piece of

modern ordnance and endowed with the power of maintaining its initial velocity and moving into space in the direction of the nearest fixed star, Alpha Centauri. The shot is fired with a full charge of powder, and off you go to the stars. In twelve days you reach the moon and are appalled at the lifeless solitude and desolation of that crater-pitted satellite. In six and a half years you cross the orbit of Mars. In forty-eight years more you cross the chasm that lies this side of the orbit of Jupiter, and, if fortunate enough to escape the swarms of air stones, planetoids and other cannon balls that infest that region, you cross the track of a giant planet. Sixty years more pass and bring you to the orbit of Saturn.

Another period of one hundred and thirty years elapse and you cross the track of Uranus. It is growing dark and chill, but still you go on, and in another period of one hundred and forty-five years you reach the orbit of Neptune and touch the frontier of the solar system. But you are now three hundred and ninety years old, and although you have traveled 2,800,000,000 miles you are amazed and discouraged at finding that you have taken only a step in the prodigious journey. Alpha Centauri is no larger and brighter and apparently no nearer than when you started—and no wonder—for before you stretches an abyss 8,000 times as wide as the distance you have already traveled. It would take your cannon ball, plunging into the black and cold depths all the time with its initial velocity, 3,000,000 years to cross it and reach the point of destination. And there are other fixed stars visible to the naked eye that are five, ten and fifteen times further off than Alpha Centauri.

But while astronomers think they have with their telescopes touched the boundary of our stellar universe they do not claim to have reached the limit of creation. Each successive distance traversed in going from the earth into space is greater than the one preceding it. We begin with the moon which is only about 240,000 miles away from us;

but the next stage is to the sun, which is 400 times the lunar distance from the earth; and we find that the space between the planetary orbits grows greater as we go from the sun to that of Neptune; and after the orbit of Neptune is reached the distance which separates the other systems from our own is vaster still. It is at this point that astronomers bring reason to the aid of the telescope as they had before brought the telescope to the aid of the naked vision, and leap to the conclusion that as beyond our system lie other systems, so beyond our universe lie other universes, and the blackness which the most powerful instrument fails to resolve is only the vast unlighted space that separates them from ours.

FLOWERS.

IT may be sinful, Lord, as thou hast said,
To worship any name but Thine below,
But things of beauty which Thy hand hath made
Should they allure me, pard'ning grace bestow.

Chaste, unpretentious, winsome, loving things!
O how I long to be as sweet and pure;
Then might I soar on hope's glad, eager wings,
And all the bliss of perfect life secure.

But here I am oft times denied the peace
And joy that yield thee silent, sweet repose;
Thy smiling presence bids my trouble, cease
And mocks the weakness of my hidden woes.

Thy fragrance, floating on the balmy air,
Reminds me of the influence I must wield,
To nurse the love that changeth to despair,
When faith grows languid on truth's battlefield.

Thy modest mein this lesson teacheth me
That things of worth, though lowly be their place,
Can not be buried in obscurity,
But win their way to honor, love and grace.

J. C.

PRIDE is so unsociable a vice, and does all things with so ill a grace, that there is no closing with it. A proud man will be sure to challenge more than belongs to him; you must expect him stiff in his conversation, fulsome in commanding himself, and bitter in his reproofs.


The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1892.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Conditions in New England.

HE singular condition of affairs which exists in New England has attracted the attention of several writers lately, among whom is Dr. Egbert C. Smyth, a professor at Andover. This gentleman has written a paper, "The French-Canadians in New England," in which he shows that at the present time there are about 400,000 French Canadians, almost entirely Roman Catholic in New England.

These people are engaged in a great variety of occupations. They hold property to the value of nearly \$22,000,000. They are engaged in all kinds of business enterprises, and hold almost every variety of office within the gift of the people. They are, in fact, in all the walks of life. They differ from other nationalities it is said, in one remarkable feature; they do not take any interest in public schools; neither do their children become acquainted with the social and political life of New England, nor do they evince any partiality for the institutions of the country in which they propose to live. From the somewhat extended literature which has been already published by them, it is alleged that they are under the lead of French-Canadian priests, who are confessedly aiming at the repopling and reconstruction of New England.

The plan which they are credited with adopting is a very good one; it is to push the French-Canadians to the highest point of prolific families—that is, to encourage every married couple to have all the children possible. It is alleged that it is made a religious duty to do this, and also to hold the system sacred in which they have been educated. Those who call attention to the danger with

which New England is threatened from these people say that the priests insist that marriages shall be contracted early; and they hold the women who shall be the mothers of the largest number of children as public benefactors. Through this plan, it is said, the French have almost crowded the English out of the Province of Quebec, so that the French race and the Roman Catholic Church are almost supreme in that part of Canada.

The same tactics are being employed in parts of New England, and the French-Canadians are encouraged to settle in places most favorable for them to succeed by their industry, and where they can have and support large families. When they do come to New England they form an element that is entirely distinct from the old New England element.

It is said that the Irish, when they settle there adjust themselves to the conditions which surround them. But not so with the French-Canadians. They are looked after by their clergy and by traveling priests. Every effort is made to hold them to their traditional faith, their native language and all their peculiar ideas and habits. Their religious associations are so arranged as to keep them closely together.

There are two hundred and ten societies in New England with a membership of 30,540. The rule is that each member must be a French-Canadian, must speak the French language, and belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and their motto is, "Our religion, our language and our manners." The complaint is that these people are a solid French unit, under the control of their priests, and that they can be employed for political as well as ecclesiastical purposes, and with a distinctly religious end in view. The evident mission which is assigned to this race by their church leaders is to make the peaceful conquest of New England in the generations of the future.

If these statements are reliable concerning the intentions of the French-Canadians, then

there is every probability of their accomplishing the peaceful conquest of New England. It is a notorious fact that the old New England stock has ceased for some time to have large families. The race is dying out. Two or three generations ago a reference to the records will show that New England mothers bore large numbers of children. They were a prolific race. But horrid practices have been introduced among them and the old families are perishing. The introduction of a vigorous race, who believe in having large families, cannot fail to overmaster the race whose children are few. They will possess the land and will undoubtedly make themselves felt in time to come. It is only a question of time for the new people to secure the ascendancy and become the dominant race. Their institutions their traditions, their habits and even their language and their religion will be predominant in the land. It is sorrowful to contemplate the ruin of a great race such as the New Englanders have been by the dreadful practices to which they have yielded. To be blotted out is a terrible punishment; but it is a fate they are bringing upon themselves by their own conduct.

We have often made the statement, and believe it to be capable of proof, that for the number of people in Utah there is as large a proportion of the descendants of New England families as can be found in any part of the United States, not excepting New England itself. The early members of the Church were nearly all of New England birth or parentage, and they have left their impress upon the people called Latter-day Saints. The gospel has been the means of saving them from the evils into which many of their compatriots have fallen. And so it will be with all nationalities. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be to the modern world as Noah's ark was to the ancient world. It will be the means of saving the best, as we hope, and the honest of all nations, to be the founders of a new race.

TALKS TO MOTHERS BY ONE OF THEM.

VII.—The Indulgent Mother.

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WHAT should we think of a person who cultivated a thistle by every winning effort of watering and care, and when it had grown to be a strong plant, repelling every one with its sharp thorns, showed surprise and disappointment that it had not the characteristics of a lily? This is exactly analogous to the conduct of many a mother in this strange world of ours. From thoughtlessness, or mistaken tenderness, she cultivates a crop of weeds worse than thistles, and is astonished and grieved when they come out in their true character at last.

The indulgent mother is so fond of her child that she cannot bear to refuse him anything, and so short sighted that she cannot see that she is doing him a serious injury.

Her work begins in the cradle, from her amiable desire that every one should admire and love him as much as she does, taking great notice of him before others, in repeating his cunning doings, and, when older, his bright sayings, constantly talking about his dress and his ways; in a word, making the child and all his concerns the most conspicuous object in the house.

Few persons realize how early the baby begins to imbibe this sweet poison of praise and importance. Before he can talk he is robbed of a child's greatest charm, a sweet innocence, an unconsciousness of himself that wins all hearts. From self-consciousness to conceit of his own importance is but a step, and then of course every whim must be gratified. We have all seen this vice in a baby before he could walk.

When this crop of self-will is well under way and flourishing, so that he becomes troublesome, comes in natural sequence the next step, untruthfulness. The willful infant

prefers the presence and care of his mother, from whose hands he gets everything he wants (without the snubbing which he gets from his nurse). He screams when she goes away; she deceives him, and very soon deliberately prevaricates. "O, no!" she says, "Mamma won't go away," and the moment his attention is attracted she slips out and does go. He does not notice or remember, you say? Does he not, indeed! Watch him and see.

When he is a little older and begins to ask questions, comes a fresh set of lessons in untruth, from the parent who can't bear to refuse anything, even information. There is an old proverb, "A fool can ask questions a philosopher cannot answer," and how much easier it is for a bright child, with eager mind opening to all the wonders around him, and craving to know about everything. It is pitiful to see the child-like confidence in the wisdom of parents abused—to see absolute untruth taken into the earnest mind and cherished as truth.

How sadly often do we see parents, when asked questions they are unable to answer, invent a ridiculous story which the unsuspecting child absorbs greedily, as perfectly trustworthy. The infatuated parent, too, thinks it is funny—a joke—and often casts a cunning look around among the grown people present, as if proud of the work.

In doing thus, two things are lost sight of; first, that the child has reason; and, second, that he soon grows up. It is not long before he knows he is deceived, and forms his judgment accordingly. Thus is learned a terrible lesson—that his mother or his father (for fathers are guilty here,) does not tell the truth. Now there is no reason why a mother should pretend to know everything; soon enough the child sees for himself that she does not. How much better, then, to take a dignified position at first and retain the child's respect by admitting frankly that she does not know, though at the same time she should honestly try to find out.

Not to speak of the result of indulgence

on the health by means of improper food and habits which particular form of baby-killing any honest physician will admit is far from uncommon; nor, somewhat later, of bad associates which the mother cannot control; how does this victim of an indulgent mother fare when he goes out into the world with no mistaken mother as a buffer between him and life?

As a child he is disliked and avoided by every one; as he grows he is the dread of teachers, and he is snubbed by his employers—when he gets them. When he reaches manhood, having no true ideas of life and his own insignificant place in it, filled with conceit and self-assurance, he makes few friends, and he has the almost impossible task of learning at great cost (if he learns at all,) what would have come with ease in childhood. It is like sending a boy out into the world full-grown without knowing his letters; he has to educate himself.

A mother should have tender and loving, but firm, control of her child from his first breath. She should as carefully shield him from self-consciousness, conceit, and willfulness, as she does from scarlet fever and whooping cough. She should, above all things, set him a daily example of justice and truthfulness in the smallest affairs. In most cases the mother herself is the victim of bad training, and her duty is first with herself.

Only by taking the matter seriously in hand, and trying to overcome her weakness, can the conscientious mother hope to avoid passing on her own faults to the next generation, to produce a fresh crop of noxious weeds in her grandchildren.

VIII. The Unselfish Mother.

A person searching through the world for a perfect mother, might naturally enough think he had found her, in the unselfish.

Yet I assert—and many examples could be brought to prove it—that the self-abnegation of a mother fosters in her child some of the most glaring faults, disrespect, tyranny, selfishness.

A devoted, self-sacrificing woman is far from uncommon, though so persistently does she keep herself in the back-ground that the world is apt to pass her by without notice.

Her husband and children are obvious enough, and "Mother, where's this?" "Mother, won't you do that?" are painfully common upon their lips. The thoughtful listener cannot but wonder what manner of "mother" this may be, who is supposed to know the position of every one's belongings, and to lend a hand in every one's duties.

When discovered, she generally proves to be a worn, tired-looking person, dressed very plainly,—poorly, if the family income is slender—with hair drawn straight back, and no ruffles or ribbons about her. She moves around silently, answering questions, tying cravats, hunting up school books, lending a hand here and a brain there, till every member of her family is in order, and equipped for the day, and when she has closed the door behind the last one, she proceeds to devote her day to working for them, and preparing for their return; not one thought for herself, not one moment for rest or recreation, not one plan for personal pleasures or improvement does she indulge in.

I am aware that this sort of a character is lauded in many good books as perfection, the ideal toward which all mothers should struggle; but I venture to differ with the good books, on this point, because I have seen how it works.

The motives of the unselfish mother are above reproach. She aims to give her family her whole self—body and soul, and she does, but not her best self. The service she renders is to their lower nature, to their physical wants; for the needs of the spirit, for the cultivation of mind and heart, she utterly incapacitates herself.

When a woman with no more than twenty-four hours to her day is the keeper of every one's possessions, the rectifier of every one's faults of idleness or carelessness, the willing servant of the whole household, how can she manage to keep her body well and refreshed,

her mind enlightened and abreast of the time in order to perform these higher uses? As the training of mind and heart is more important than the physical comfort of a child, so is it more imperatively a mother's duty to prepare herself, and keep herself fit for the work.

Not that physical comfort should be neglected, but it should always occupy a subordinate place. For instance, a mother should provide suitable garments and conveniences for keeping them, but she should not put them on a child big enough to serve itself, nor hunt them up when carelessly mislaid. If necessity compels her to make her children's clothes, she should not spend hours and days over ruffles and furbelows, because Mrs. A—with twice her income, dresses her daughter in ruffles and furbelows. If obliged to do her own cooking, she should not waste her energies concocting puddings and pies because her family like them and are used to having them.

Something far more important than fine dress or elaborate cooking demands a mother's freshest powers: it is wisest for her to economize her labors for their physical welfare, that she may have more to spend on the moulding of character.

In other ways also, the unselfishness of a mother affects her family. For one thing, it makes them helpless. Children who have always been waited upon, are really to be pitied when forced to live without their life-long servant. They do not know how to help themselves; the daughters cannot keep a room in order, the sons can never find their "things."

Then again, although they may love her after a fashion, as one loves a useful being of a lower order of intelligence, children cannot respect their mother—as they should—as their superior in mental and spiritual development. In these days especially, when our young folk have advantages so much better than fell to the lot of their parents, it is a struggle, but it should be the earnest effort of every mother, at least to keep up with her

children in intellectual growth, that she may the more easily guide their moral and spiritual.

Furthermore, unselfishness cultivates tyrants. There is no despot like the child who has always been waited upon, and none who will be more disagreeable to live with all his years. His exactions from his friends, his assumptions of superiority, his domineering over his household, will turn him into a domestic autocrat of the most unbearable sort.

Selfishness—utter selfishness, is however the most flourishing crop from the mother's unselfishness. That any one's wants can be so important as his own, never enters the head of a child so trained. That any one's comfort is to be considered, that any one has rights that he must respect, are all unsuspected facts in his theory of life. That everything should go on smoothly—his clothes be always in order and in place—the dinners always perfect—the service always up to mark, is no more, in his estimation, than that the sun shall shine, or the leaves come out in the spring. It has always been so in his experience—ergo—it must still be so; if not, the woman at the helm is in fault! So the devoted, self-abnegated mother becomes a bugaboo in her son's household, and "My mother did so!" the shibboleth before which it quakes.

A wise thought for herself, a careful preservation of her best powers of mind and body, is a mother's duty, for the sake of the souls she has to train.

No less imperative is it, for their sakes also, that she understands her position and maintains the dignity of it. To give up her needed rest that her young and vigorous daughter may have some pleasure she has set her heart on, though a strong temptation to a mother, is in every way unwise; to take any chair because her son is occupying the easiest, is unjust to him, depriving him of his training in courtesy to superior age, to a woman, and above all to his mother. To wear prints that her daughter may shine in satins, is, if possible, worse, cultivating the girl's selfishness and disregard of her mother.

Respect for the office of motherhood is indispensable to a right-minded man or woman, and where shall it be acquired if not in the study of their own mother in their childhood?

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION LEAFLETS.

Lesson XXXIV.—God Reveals Himself to Adam.

TEXT—Pearl of Great Price.—Book of Moses.

And Adam called upon the name of the Lord, and Eve also, his wife, and they heard the voice¹ of the Lord from the way toward the garden of Eden, speaking unto them, and they saw him not; for they were shut out from his presence. And he gave unto them commandments, that they should worship the Lord their God, and should offer the firstlings of their flocks, for an offering² unto the Lord. And Adam was obedient unto the commandments of the Lord.

And after many days, an angel of the Lord appeared unto Adam, saying, Why dost thou offer sacrifices unto the Lord? And Adam said unto him, I know not, save the Lord commanded me. And then the angel spake, saying, This thing is a similitude of the sacrifice of the Only Begotten of the Father, which is full of grace and truth. Wherefore, thou shalt do all that thou doest, in the name of the Son, and thou shalt repent and call upon God in the name of the Son forevermore.

And in that day the Holy Ghost³ fell upon Adam, which beareth record of the Father and the Son, saying, I am the Only Begotten of the Father from the beginning, henceforth and forever, that as thou hast fallen thou mayest be redeemed; and all mankind, even as many as will.

And in that day Adam blessed God, and was filled, and began to prophesy concerning all the families of the earth, saying, Blessed be the name of God, for because of my transgression my eyes are opened, and in this life I shall have joy, and again in the flesh I shall see God. And Eve, his wife, heard all these things, and was glad, saying, Were it not for our transgression we never should have had seed, and never should have known good and evil, and the joy of our redemption, and the eternal life which God giveth unto all the obedient.

And Adam and Eve blessed the name of God; and they made all things known unto their sons and their daughters.⁴

¹Job 37: 4, 5; 40: 9. Matthew 3: 17. I. Nephi 16: 9, 25, 26. Helaman 5: 29—33. III. Nephi 9, 1; 10: 3; 11: 3—6. Matthew 17: 5. John 12: 28. Doctrine and Covenants 128: 20, 21. ²Genesis 4: 4; 8: 20; 22:

13. Leviticus 9: 24. Hebrews 9: 10. ³Luke 1: 15; 12: 12. John 14: 26; 20: 22. Acts 1: 8; 8: 15; 13: 9. I. Corinthians 2: 13; 6: 19. II. Peter 1: 21. I. Nephi 10: 11, 19. II. Nephi 26: 13. Alma 13: 12: 31: 36. Moroni 8: 26. ⁴Doctrine and Covenants 107: 53, 54.

LESSON STATEMENT.

After Adam and Eve had been driven from the Garden of Eden in consequence of their disobedience, they were no longer able to see the Lord as they formerly could do. They had to work at farming and stock keeping to get food. And many sons and daughters were born unto them. These sons and daughters grew up, and to them children were born, so that after some years, many people were living on the land. Adam and Eve prayed unto the Lord; and the Lord answered them, though they could not see His face. He told them to worship God, and offer sacrifices of the best of their flocks. After a time, an angel came to Adam, and asked why he offered sacrifices to the Lord. Adam answered that he did not know except that God had commanded him so to do. Then the angel explained to Adam the meaning of sacrifice, saying that that thing was in the similitude of the death of Christ, which should afterwards happen. The angel told Adam to act in the name of the Son of God; and always to pray to God in that holy name. Soon after the angel's visit, the Holy Ghost came upon Adam and convinced him of the truth of what the angel had said. And Adam was filled with the Spirit of God, and he blessed the name of God, seeing that he might again come back into the presence of his Maker through faith and obedience. Eve rejoiced also knowing that without their transgression they would have remained without children. And Adam and Eve taught all these things to their sons and daughters.

NOTES.

SACRIFICE.—Before the time of Christ's death, God required of his people that they should offer sacrifices to Him as evidences of their faith and sincerity. These offerings consisted usually of animals which were killed, and then placed upon an altar and consumed by fire. Only certain kinds of animals—those kinds that the Lord

considered clean—were sacrificed in this way; and the ceremony could only be performed by men having proper authority. The first sacrifices named in the Bible were those by Cain and Abel (Genesis 4: 3, 4); but we learn from the Pearl of Great Price that Adam, the first of men, offered sacrifices by the command of the Lord. The slaughtering of living animals for offerings was typical of the the great sacrifice subsequently to be made, when Jesus Christ would be offered on the cross as an atonement for the sins of the world. Since the time of Christ's death, the Lord requires burnt offerings no longer, but demands of us as proofs of our sincerity that we should believe in His Son Jesus Christ, and do the works which the Savior taught.

ANGEL.—This word is from the Greek language, and meant originally "a messenger." We understand by it, a certain class of immortal beings who are employed in executing the designs of their Lord. They are subject to the higher authority of the Gods. Under proper circumstances, angels manifest themselves to men, for the purpose of delivering messages, or of offering instruction. Angels appeared to Abraham (Genesis 22: 11); to Moses (Exodus 3: 2); to Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist (Luke 1: 11, 12); to the Virgin Mary (Luke 1: 28); to the shepherds awaiting the news of Christ's birth (Luke 2: 9, 10), to Joseph the husband of the Virgin Mary, warning him of danger to the child (Matthew 2: 13-15); to Nephi (1. Nephi 11: 14); to King Benjamin (Mosiah 3: 2); and to Alma (Alma 8: 14). According to prophecy, angels were to take part in the restoration of the gospel to the earth (Revelation 14: 6). The angel Moroni appeared to Joseph Smith, the Prophet, the angel John the Baptist ordained Joseph Smith, Jr., and Oliver Cowdery to the Aaronic Priesthood.

THE NAME OF THE SON.—In this name only should our prayers to God be offered: Jesus Christ is the Savior of us all, and His Father has honored Him by requiring all supplications to be made in His name. The ordinance of baptism, being the means of admittance to the Church, is performed in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, but most other ordinances are done in the name of the Son simply.

HOLY GHOST.—The Holy Ghost is the third member of the Godhead; and is a personage of spirit (Doctrine and Covenants 130: 22, 23,) not having a body of flesh and bones. Through the Holy Ghost, the Father and Son accomplish their purposes. Its office is to give wisdom and knowledge, and to inspire men with words of prophecy (II. Peter 1: 21). It is a witness of God to man (I. Corinthians 2: 11, 12 and 13; III. Nephi 11: 32). The terms "Holy Ghost" and "Spirit of God" mean the same.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM THIS LESSON.

1. That although Adam and Eve were shut out from the face of the Lord, yet He answered their prayers. 2. That Adam was commanded to offer sacrifices in the similitude

of the death of Christ, which was afterward to happen. 3. That therefore it was known from the beginning that Jesus Christ would be slain. 4. That all prayers must be offered in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. 5. That the Holy Ghost will bear to man testimonies of the truth. 6. That, if Adam and Eve had not transgressed, none of us would be on the earth in a mortal state.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. To whom did Adam and Eve pray?
2. What did they hear in answer to their prayer?
3. What did the Lord command them to do?
4. What are sacrifices?
5. What is the offering of sacrifices to represent?
6. Who appeared afterward to Adam?
7. What did the angel tell him?
8. What are angels?
9. What power then came upon Adam?
10. Of what did the Holy Ghost convince him?
11. What is the Holy Ghost?
12. In whose name should all prayers be offered?
13. Why is this so?
14. For what reason did Adam and Eve bless the name of God?

EMINENT PEOPLE OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

Patrick Henry.

THERE are perhaps few names connected with the struggle for American Independence more worthy of being perpetuated by his fellow-beings, than that of Patrick Henry.

A man whose patriotism was of the noblest type, there were few, who in those stormy times, did better service to his country than he.

He was born in Hanover Co., Virginia, in 1736. He was taught Latin and mathematics by his father; but seemed to develop more taste for hunting, fishing, and playing the violin, than anything more serious.

Twice he was set up in business, once as a farmer, and once as a merchant, and failed in both before he was twenty-four years old. He finally settled down to law, and was ad-

mitted to the bar after six weeks' study. He got no business at first, but lived with his father-in-law.

His first case was the famous "Parsons' Cause." He conducted this case against the parsons. He commenced very awkwardly, but soon surprised all who heard him by his wonderful eloquence; won the case against great odds, and was triumphantly carried off by the delighted spectators.

From that day his reputation was established as a great orator. Business flowed in, and in a short time he was elected to the Virginia Legislature, to represent Louisa County, in 1774.

In 1775, when the news of the passage of the Stamp Act reached Virginia, he waited vainly for some older delegate to lead the opposition to Parliament, he being the youngest member of the house.

But the older members hesitated or went home, and Patrick, offended at the coolness with which they seemed to view the situation, "snatched a blank leaf from a law book and hastily drew up five fiery resolutions, declaring that the Americans were Englishmen, with English rights; that the people of Great Britain had the exclusive right of voting their own taxes, and so had the Americans; that the colonists were not bound to yield obedience to any law imposing taxation without representation upon them, and that whoever said to the contrary, was an enemy to the country; that the Stamp Act, and every other act of similar description was destructive to freedom."

The resolutions were immediately laid before the house, and after a stormy debate, were passed. The eloquence of Henry bore down all opposition.

Two future presidents, were present at this time; Washington, who was a member of the house, and Jefferson, a young collegian, who stood just outside the railing.

From the passage of these resolutions, Henry became an acknowledged leader in the cause of liberty.

It was during this year that he made his

memorable speech before the the Virginia Convention, the closing part of which has served to make his name immortal.

"I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

During the revolution, Mr. Henry was Governor of Virginia for several years, and in 1788, earnestly opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

When he died, at Red Hill, Charlotte County, Virginia, he left a large family, and an ample fortune.

In personal appearance, Mr. Henry was tall, and awkward, with a stern and grave face. But when, on great occasions, he waxed eloquent, his awkwardness forsook him, his face lighted up, and his eyes flashed with a magic fire. He was a temperate man, good humored and honest. He was a great friend of Washington, and was generally liked and admired by his contemporaries for his sociability, and respected and esteemed for those sterling qualities which have made him famous.

Julia A. Macdonald.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Education in the Territory.

IT is gratifying to witness the great interest there is being taken on all sides in our Territory in education. The progress which has been made in furnishing educational facilities to the children and youth is very marked. The rising generation itself displays great zeal in acquiring knowledge. There is no reason why in a very few years Utah should not have national celebrity for the excellence of the instruction given to the young, and for the brightness of the students, and rapid progress which they shall have made in all branches of learning.

For years it has been conceded that the children in this Territory were remarkably apt, and that they appeared to learn whatever

they applied their minds to with greater facility and thoroughness than the children of other parts of the Republic. Various causes have been assigned for this. The purity of the atmosphere and the altitude of most of our cities and villages have been credited with giving this superiority to those born and brought up here. The temperate habits, also, of the people have received credit, at least in part, for the brightness of the children. Another theory is that the life of struggle which the people of this country have had to live has caused the children born here to be so wide-awake.

But whether any one or all of these causes have contributed to the favorable development of the children, it is a fact that the young people of this country have excellent minds and quick, active intellects, and there is no reason why they should not excel in the branches of learning to which they apply themselves. A good many of our youth have gone east to colleges and universities and obtained education in various branches which the schools here did not furnish, and in almost every instance they have excelled and stood in the foremost rank as students. This has led to the impression, in some colleges, that those who went from here as pupils had been carefully selected for the purpose of receiving college education.

The habits of our young people have no doubt contributed very largely to these results. They have been free from vice. They have not indulged generally in narcotics or intoxicants. They have kept regular and good hours. These habits have been of great advantage to them, enabling them to bear the strain of severe study.

In every department of human knowledge the principles which the Latter-day Saints have received as a part of their religion enable them to discard a great deal of nonsense that has found its way into the text books and the theories of scientists. The Latter-day Saint who is well informed concerning the principles of his religion knows that there is much that is unsound and untrue taught as the

theories of scientific men. By having this knowledge students are saved a great amount of theorizing, and have no occasion to spend days and weeks, and months and years in following blind trails. Under such circumstances a knowledge of truth is of immense benefit. Truth can be tied to, and however much it may be befogged and obscured by the sophistry of man and his false theories, its possessor can cling to it with the utmost confidence as unchangeable and as something that is sure to prevail and triumph. The knowledge, therefore, of the principles of the gospel, which are the eternal truths of heaven, will aid our young people in all their studies. It will enable them to surmount many difficulties that others find almost impossible to overcome. It will make the path which they tread luminous and one that can be easily followed. And the more that knowledge is tested, and examined, and studied, the greater will its strength appear.

With these advantages the children of the Latter-day Saints ought to make rapid progress in the various branches of learning. The Church academies will be the means of grounding their pupils in a knowledge of the truth, and when the students obtain a testimony concerning this, they will have a means of measuring the statements of men of science and of judging of their value, for they will have pure truth itself as the standard by which to measure all that is set forth.

THERE is not the interest taken by many parents in the education of their children that should be. Some parents seem to think that if their boys and girls receive as good an education as they did, that ought to suffice.

They say they have got through the world very well with their limited amount of education, and they see no reason why their children should not.

This is a very narrow view for Latter-day Saints to take, because a good education might be the means of placing their children in a very different sphere to that which they themselves have occupied. Money cannot

be better spent than in furnishing the children with the best opportunities for schooling and acquiring accomplishments; but at the same time, they should be taught to labor, and not be left to imagine that because they receive an education they are therefore elevated above the necessity of work. Such an idea is ruinous to any young man or young woman. No education is complete that develops one part only of a human being. To store the mind with knowledge and to leave the hands and physical structure untaught is most unwise.

The physical should receive development as well as the mental and spiritual. The body should be taught skill and become inured to toil, while the mind is being cared for and stored with knowledge.

There are parents who are very favorable to their children receiving education, but appear to be indifferent as to the character of the teaching which they receive. They do not seem to place any value on their children being taught the principles of their religion.

Apparently, therefore, they would as soon their children be taught in schools or colleges where religion is entirely ignored as in an academy taught by Latter-day Saints.

To those who have given this subject any thought, such conduct appears wonderfully strange. The Latter-day Saints have forsaken everything for their religion. They have been willing to die for it. They have looked upon it as the most precious gift that God has given to them. And how persons who have had these feelings concerning religion in their own case can be so careless as to expose their children to infidelity seems a great mystery.

If our religion has been valuable to us and worthy of sacrifice on our part, why is it not valuable to our children? Why should we expose our children to influences that will destroy their faith, or at least prevent its growth? The thought is an awful one that men and women who have been so self-sacrificing, and who have shown their love for the principles of salvation throughout their lives, should be indifferent concerning the faith of their children. It would be better for parents

in this church to leave their children without a dollar and give them a good education in academies where the principles of the gospel are taught and where faith is fostered, than to leave them fortunes without such an education. There is no money or worldly advantage that can outweigh the truth and the principles which God has revealed. The Saints have believed this or they would not have submitted to the hardships and privations and sufferings they have endured in being driven from their homes and robbed of their property. Those who did not believe it are no longer Saints. They left the Church in preference to passing through and enduring such severe ordeals.

As time rolls on, and the fruits which are brought forth by education in the Church academies become apparent, there will be increased value placed upon the teachings received there, and the anxiety on the part of parents to place their children in such institutions and under such influences will continue to increase.

The Editor.

MY EXPERIENCE.

Editor Juvenile Instructor:

DEAR BROTHER, —I read with much interest the remarks of William J. Silver, in your issue of July 15th, and wish to add a little upon the same subject.

My school days were spent in London, and the practical ideas referred to by Bro. Silver were imparted in shops attached to the school buildings.

Later on, two years were spent in the engraving department of a large print works, where lathes and considerable machinery were used, so that when I was finally entered as a regular apprentice in a machine shop in New York City I found I was rated by the foreman as equal to those who had been in the shop for two years, and by his recommendation received pay accordingly.

Since coming to Utah, in 1861, I have

made no attempt to obtain employment as a machinist; but the information received in school and shop are of inestimable value, and in all the various kinds of work in which I have engaged since coming to Utah I have always been able to accomplish much more than could possibly have been done without the training mentioned. Many instances might be mentioned where enterprises have been successfully carried out when to all appearance not one of us was competent to manage the business.

In looking over the past I would sum up (from my own experience) as the three most necessary things for success in this life to be: —1st, faith in God; 2nd, the necessary amount of will power; and 3rd, some general idea of the undertaking.

Like Brother Silver, I find my boys are able to manage any kind of mechanical jobs quite young, and at about 16 years of age can earn more than the best of unskilled labor.

I believe our boys should be taught in school the elements of industrial drawing, and by occasionally taking the field instruments and note books in hand, and after surveying and staking out an imaginary dam to be built across some neighboring hollow, repair with the necessary notes to the school room and together work them out. I am very much interested in this subject, but have probably written enough for this time. I shall be pleased, however, to hear suggestions from our experienced brethren, as I find myself still an apprentice, and just as anxious to learn as ever.

Praying for the welfare of your most valuable magazine, I remain your brother,

ALLEN FROST.

SNOWFLAKE, Aug. 2nd, 1892.

GOD made us for eternity; and His aim in all He does is to bring us happily to it. Hence the necessity of pain, sickness, crosses, to break the strong chain which binds us to the world; and to force us to take part with God in His grand design.

For Our Little Folks.

A BATTLE WITH A MAGPIE.

"UNCLE GEORGE has been telling us a big story, Aunt Helen," exclaimed ten years old Johnny, appealingly, "I just want to know the truth about it. I think he just told me to see, if I would believe such a story.

"What did he tell you," asked Aunt Helen, smiling.

"He said that once when you were a little girl, that you had a battle with a magpie, and that it gave you a good whipping, and was impudent besides. You see we were teasing Fred. Green because he let a turkey give him a good licking. We thought a boy that would let a bird thrash him—and a turkey is a bird—was a big baby."

"Oh, yes! I see what Uncle's motive was. Well, if you will get something in your hands to do, I will tell you the story, but I think it is a nice habit for boys or girls to form, to get accustomed to using their hands at some light employment, while they are entertained by reading, conversation, or story telling. Some of the pleasantest hours of my life were the long winter evenings when my brother read aloud, and mother and my sister, my brother and myself sat about the open fire knitting, sewing, darning stockings or some other light and simple task. My younger brother got tired of be-

ing the only idle one, so often he would darn a pair of hose or braid a whip. At last he grew quite expert with a crochet hook, and made some of the most unexpected things. Among them woolen stockings for himself. Now here is a dress skirt that I want very carefully ripped up, and you can do that while I tell you in detail how the magpie out-generated me.

"It was quite late in the fall of the year, October I think, when my mother let me go to visit a sister living at another little town.

"When I arrived they were just going out into a five acre lot to gather the potatoes that had matured there.

"I was wild with delight. The air was so warm, the earth so moist and fresh, my sister so kind, and I felt a sense of freedom that I did not experience under the watchful eye of my mother, that I felt that I must really do something out of the common to demonstrate to myself that I really could do as I pleased.

"The plow was turning up the moist, warm earth, showing the smooth, white potatoes, so I took off my shoes and stockings to experience the really delightful sensation of walking through it.

"We children heaped the potatoes into piles for the wagons to load, and had a grand time.

Presently someone wanted a drink. The water supply was at a spring over in another field, and taking

a small bucket I volunteered to go, for although picking up potatoes was fine sport, my back was a little tired.

"I found my way through the fence and over to the spring all right, taking blissful satisfaction in dragging my bare feet through the long grass that grew for some distance about it, and even dabbled them in the cold stream, regardless of the wishes of my mother, or the terrors of croup.

"As I stooped to dip the water a queer little voice shrieked out: 'Stop it!' 'Stop it, I say,' and I looked all about for the person who had spoken, but could see no one.

"The words were so distinct and the voice so unlike any human sound I had ever heard, that I was frightened, and hastened to retrace my footsteps. I thought the remark was meant for my bare feet; you see what a guilty conscience does for us.

"Before I got to the fence, however, I saw a very ragged magpie following me, with an aggressive, jerky hop. It talked incessantly, but not being used to it, I could not understand all it said. But somehow I felt irritated, so when the fence was reached I threw a clod at the bird and told her to go back. 'I won't do it, I won't do it,' it said plain enough, and I felt that I had been defied and insulted by an inferior and must enforce my command. So I set the water down and turned my back just a moment to

get a handful of pebbles, and Maggie flew to the bucket, drank out of it, dipped her wings in it, fluttered the shining drops over the earth, and as I rushed toward her, turned the bucket over, and with a scream of delight, fluttered just out of my reach, pretending to be lame to induce me to pursue her.

"I was not half so wise as the bird for I ran after her and tried to strike her with a long switch.

"I went back to the spring and refilled my bucket, determined she should not treat me so again. Maggie told me to 'stop it,' and again followed me to the fence. She would coax:

"'Poor Maggie wants a drink.' Give Maggie a little water, and then chuckled like she was very much amused by her own wit.

"I was thoroughly exasperated, and when she came through the fence, following me up to jeer and taunt me, I could not stand it. I began to quarrel with her; 'I won't give you a drink, go to the spring you mean thing,' I said; and keeping a tight hold of my bucket I began throwing clods and stones at her.

"'Shan't do it! Shan't do it!' she screamed back at me, and there was a curious, long drawn inflection at the end that was both a taunt and a menace.

"She began coming toward me, and I dared not turn my back on her. She was far too cunning to make a direct attack, but came in a zig-zag,

pretending all the time that she was examining the crevices between the clods for worms, but she was muttering to herself and her eye was as bright and restless as a spark of fire.

"I own that by this time I was terribly afraid of her. There might be a malignant spirit of almost any dimension shut up in that little muscular body.

"'Go away, go away or I will hit you,' I said as she came quite near, and I threw several lumps of earth at her, but instead of obeying, she turned all her feathers up the wrong way, and flew on my bare feet with claws and beak. I kicked her yards away but she would be back before my foot reached the ground, and did it again and again, seemingly coming and going as light as a feather without injury or inconvenience.

"My feet were scratched and bitten and the blood was flowing when I sank down on the ground with a cry for help, and my apron over my face. Then Maggie flapped her wings over me, drank out of the bucket, and hopped off to the fence muttering: 'Poor Maggie wants a drink.'

"If you teased Fred Green for being thrashed by a great big turkey you can guess what was said to me about letting a little ragged magpie whip me so completely, but I did not go about any more barefooted, so probably it was a good thing after all.

"Maggie and I became very good friends afterward, and although she was of rather an aggressive disposition I never saw a bird, not even a parrot, that seemed more intelligent.

"Poor Maggie had been, not reared, but dragged up by a family of very rude boys, and might not have survived it had she been of any other disposition.

"Read about the little king-fisher in your new story book, and how it does not hesitate to attack large birds, also of domestic fowls that have displayed great valor in defense of their young, and you will probably change your opinion of the feathered race.

"Now go and get the little ones in the shade somewhere, not forgetting Fred. Green, and tell the story to them."

Ellen Jakeman.

GRANDMA'S STORY.

My grandpa and grandma joined the Church and left their home in Michigan in the year 1846. At that time they had six children.

They went to Nauvoo to join the Saints, but on account of so much trouble with the enemy the Saints were compelled to leave there. So they only stayed a few weeks and went on to Garden Grove.

There they stayed long enough to raise one crop, so as to have something to live on. Then they went to Winter Quarters and remained there

awhile and raised some crops so as to prepare to make their way to Great Salt Lake Valley.

Grandpa had but one wagon, and needing another very much he made one out of timber, without a nail or one piece of iron about it. He used it there and took it to Kanesville. While they were there Brigham Young came along and happened to see the wagon. He went up to it and gave it a good shake and said, "That will stand the trip all the way to Salt Lake."

While they were at Kanesville all the children had the smallpox. Having two more added to the family since they left Michigan, that made eight in all. Six had the disease at one time. That, with all the other hardships they had to contend with, was quite a trying time. They all got well.

In 1850 they got all ready to come to the valley; but one of grandpa's friends had been chosen to be Bishop. He insisted grandpa must stay and be one of his counselors; so he stayed two years longer. In the spring of 1852 they started for Salt Lake Valley. They could not sell their home, so they left everything, comfortable house, chairs, table, corn crib full of corn, nice farm, and never got one cent for any of it. The old wooden wagon was used up by the time of starting; but grandpa was lucky enough to get a new one, so he left the old one there.

Everything went smoothly until

they came to Shoal Creek. When they got there grandpa, with some others, was called back to Kanesville. Afterwards they came on and overtook the company. While grandma was getting grandpa's things ready for him to start back to Kanesville her youngest child, two years and three months old, cried to go home to rock in the big chair. She did not feel well. Grandma was very busy, and did not take her, so she lay on the side of the bed while grandma sat near her getting grandpa's things ready. The baby soon cried herself to sleep. When grandpa started he said, "Kiss baby for me when she wakes up." But when she woke up she was sick with cholera and died next day. Most all who were buried on the plains had to be buried without coffins. But they happened to get a board that was floating down the Platte River large enough to make the baby a nice little box, and they laid her away to rest in it. Grandpa saw her grave when he passed it.

They arrived in Utah all right. Grandpa has been dead twenty years, but grandma is still living and is feeling real well. She will be eighty-one years old in October next. She is sitting by me while I write.

Millie Curtis.

Age 8 Years.

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LITTLE NELL.

BY GEO. B. LOOMIS.

KEY F.

Quickly.

	: s ₁	d : d : d	r : r : r	m : m : f	s : — : l
1.	O	lit - tle Nell,	lit - tle Nell,	whith - er	a - way, Say
	: s ₁	d : d : d	t ₁ : t ₁ : t ₁	d : d : r	m : — : f
2.	What	gives such	a clear, tend - er	light to	your eyes? What
3.	Ah	no, do not	think it, I	pray you	do not; I'm
4.	And	I love to	take them—our	Fath - er	a - hove To
5.	That's	right, lit - tle	Nel - lie, so	trudge on	your way, And

s : m : r	d : r : m	m : r : r	r : — : s ₁	d : d : d	r : r : r
where are	you go - ing	this	love - ly	spring day?	With neat lit - tle
m : d : s ₁	m ₁ : s ₁ : d	d : t ₁ : t ₁	t ₁ : — : s ₁	d : d : d	t ₁ : t ₁ : t ₁
hid - den	thought un - der	those	dark lash - es	lies?	If mischief you're brewing, I
go - ing	to Jen - ny in	yon - der	poor	cot;	She's old, poor and sick and she
us this	com-mandment has	giv - en	in love,	"Do	un - to my suf - fer - ing
cheer	poor old Jen - ny as	with a	sun's ray,	The	an - gels will bless you, dear

m : m : f	s : — : f	m : f : s	l : s : f	m : f : r	d : —
o - ver	your arm,	And	step and de - mean - or	so	pleasant and calm?
d : d : r	m : — : r	d : r : m	f : m : r	s ₁ : l ₁ : t ₁	d : —
hope you	will tell,	I	hard - ly should think it	of	dear lit - tle Nell.
has so	few friends,	She's	glad of the	presents that	dear moth-er sends.
creatures	as you	If	al - so in	trou-ble would	wish them to do."
child, from	on high	For	they ev - er	watch us with	ten - der - est eye.

USE OF THE FOOT AMONG EAST INDIANS.

THE traveler who walks in the native quarters of the cities of India can easily study there all industries in their beginnings, as they were probably practiced in Europe in the Middle Ages. The shops are usually open, and the workmen can be seen inside; textile industries, pottery, shoemaking, joiner-ing, armoring, jewelers, confectioners—all can be observed in a single street like Chit-pore street, Calcutta. If we take pains to examine attentively the methods of working, we shall be struck by the enormous function played by the lower limb. Whatever the industries, the Indian, squatting or sitting on the ground, works with his feet as well as with his hands; and it might be said that all four of his limbs are in constant exercise. The joiner, for example, has no assistant to hold his plank, but makes his great toe serve that

purpose. The shoemaker does not employ a fixed clamp for the shoe on which he is sewing, but holds it in his feet, which change position to suit his convenience, while his nimble hands do the sewing. The metal-worker holds the joint of his shears on his feet in cutting copper.

In the making of wooden combs I have seen the comb held straight up by the feet, while the workmen marked the teeth with one hand and with the other directed the instrument that cut them. The wood-turner directs the hand-rest with his great toes; so, generally, do Egyptian and Arabian turners. In smoothing twine or sewing a bridle the Indians hold the article between the first and second toes. When the butcher cuts his meat into small pieces, he holds his knife between the first and second toes, takes the meat in both hands, and pulls it up across the knife. I have seen a child climb a tree and hold a branch between his toes.

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